

THALJA TRIUMPHANS.

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TO  
THE WORTHY  
M<sup>r</sup> William Westfield

---

ON HIS  
HAPPY MARRIAGE.

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A  
Congratulatory POEM.

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*Non fragrat nisi flagrat Amor.*

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By E. Settle,

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## *Thalia Triumphans.*

**V**V Hen the Great FOUNDER this vast Pile began,  
And ended with his sixth Day's Labour, MAN,  
His Greatest Work the Last ; stamp'd in his own  
Bright IMAGE, call'd to th' Universal Throne :  
Yes Earth, Heav'n, Stars, and Sun, the whole wide Round  
All built for Him, all to his Service bound,  
These humbler Glories in the Front appear,  
Whilst MAN, true SOVERAIGN-like, brought up the Reer.  
This Fav'rite Head what tho' so high enstall'd ?  
Th' All-giving GOD ev'n for new Blessings call'd :  
'To make this Lordly Creature Greater still,  
Ev'n th' highest Grasp of his Ambition fill,  
His LIFE's Best HALF, sole Partner of his Joys,  
SOUL of his SOUL, he form'd the BEAUTEOUS EYES.  
With this fair Mate of Empire, given to joyn  
His Sovereignty, and moulded all Divine,  
Ta'n from his Side, t' his Side return'd again,  
Not truly Crown'd till now th' Almighty bid him reign.

This



This Lovely Form, the Master-Work of Heav'n,  
 Wisely to Man's embracing Arms was given ;  
 All that could make a Universe so fair  
 Ev'n worth a Thought, or Life it self a Care.

When th' Happy BRIDEGROOM thus takes to his Arms  
 Honour, Wit, Beauty, Youth, Lord of such Charms ;  
 Why do we wish him Joy ! Methinks to pay  
 That empty Vow throws a vain Breath away :  
 'Tis wishing Treasure to an Indian Mine ;  
 Or Glory to the Sun's Meridian Shine.  
 Compar'd to LOVE's Rich Chace, why all that Toil  
 For Mines of Gold, both th' East and Western Spoil ?  
 Let ev'n COLUMBUS, his proud Sails unfurld,  
 Plume in the Glory of a new-found World ;  
 All empty Pride, Great LOVE, compar'd to thine :  
 'Tis thy discover'd Treasures truly shine.  
 Thou, Happier Voyager, without a Boast,  
 Dost only lead to the true Golden Coast.

Nay, not the very Hands that hold the Reins  
 Of the driv'n World, not Scepter'd SOVERAIGNS

In



*Thalia Triumphans.*

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In all the Pride of Life, and Pomp of Pow'r,  
Can up to Half LOVE's heightend Raptures tour.  
Ev'n the proud *MACEDON*'s Young *AMMON* drest  
With the Rich Spoils of his whole Conquer'd *East*,  
What tho' he drove o're his own Vassal Globe,  
Deckt in Pow'r's Haughtiest Majestick Robe,  
Of all that Glories vainer Plumes posselt,  
Still far beneath the *BRIDEGROOM*'s brighter Crest;  
So much LOVE's *Coronation Chaplet* breathes  
More fragrant Odours than Imperial Wreaths:  
So much his Lighter Joys and Spritelier Gems  
Out-shine the duller Load of Diadems,  
LOVE from his Richer Throne looks ev'n with Pity down  
On all the poorer Brows that sweat beneath a Crown.

Whilst LOVE then does to all this Feast invite,  
To Bliss so Ravishing, Joys so Exquisite;  
What can the Duteous *Muses* less then joyn  
Their liveliest Airs t' assist these Rites Divine:  
A Theme enough, in it's whole bright Array,  
To bless the Morn and Consecrate the Day.

B

What:



What Songs can Hymen want? His Rites to cheer,  
 Whole Constellations of the Great and Fair,  
 With their best Vows, the Blessing and the Prayer,  
 All meet to see the Sacred Gordian tyed,  
 And with bent Knees Salute the Beauteous BRIDE;  
 Whilst one joyn'd Smile does in all Eyes appear:  
*Envy* it self is an Adorer here.

Thus whilst to this Day's Joys the Muse dares soar,  
 Let her not Boast her duteous Tribute more  
 Then what whole Hundred Knees have paid before.  
 Led by those Hundreds Her best Airs are all  
 But Copies from that loud Original:  
 Whilst t'hail the Bridal PAIR, all, all around  
 Her fainter Airs in shriller Ecchoes dround,  
 What clangors wake the Morn, and Tubes of Triumph  
 No Songs too high, nor Joys too great, to pay (sound  
 The Rites to LOVE's Inauguration Day.  
 When warbling Throats salute the Love-crown'd Pair,  
 Th' Harmonious Train pay nat'ral Homage there.  
 Love is it self but MUSICK more refin'd,  
 Two well-tun'd Hearts in one soft Consort joyn'd.

Thou



*Thalia Triumphans.*

Thou then the envy'd Lord of all those Charms,  
The beauteous *GODFREY* in her *WESTFIELD's* Arms,  
Claim thy Fair Prize; thy Nuptial Bed t' adorn,  
A BRIDE, to Beauty's double Portion born:  
By Heav'n, and her kind PARENTS deckt so Fair,  
Their Own, and Rival Nature's equal Care;  
Nature t' enrich the *Casket*, They the *Gem*;  
Her EYES and MIND so match'd, each Radiant Beam,  
And early GRACE to her Young Breast instill'd,  
Worthy the Lovely Angel Mould they fill'd,

Now, Happy Sir, Your Bridal Wreath so twin'd,  
Not the Twin *ALBION* ROSES fairer joyn'd;  
In flowing Joys melt a long Life away,  
And make an Age but one long Nuptial Day,  
Th' Inviolable Knot so strongly tye,  
The *Hymenæal Honour* rais'd so high,  
Till to behold in Love such Leading Light;  
Ev'n the *Blind God*, no longer veil'd in Night,  
Shall find his Eyes, and dazle at the Sight.

Nay,



*Thalia Triumphans.*

Nay, till the Great and Fair so pleas'd, so charm'd,  
And to fair Virtue ev'n by Envy warm'd,  
To copy from a PATTERN so *Divine*,  
Shall Love like this Blest PAIR, and like 'em Shine.  
Thus what *Imperial Precepts* ne'er cou'd gain,  
And sweating SENATES labour'd for in vain,  
From Your *Examples* make Your *Work* alone,  
The *Reformation* of a World Your own,

Nay, to be Happier still, Live, Sir, to see  
Ev'n Your own founded Immortality;  
Not only of Love's richest JOYS possess,  
But with the FRUIT of Love as richly blest:  
Yes, live to see Your Fruitful Table spread  
With those sweet Pledges of the Genial Bed,  
Those lovely Miniatures to fill Your Arms,  
Heirs to the FATHER's Honour, MOTHER's Charms,  
Copies that shall th' Original renew,  
And make the Stock Immortal whence they grew.

F I N I S.

